Dawn

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Dawn

by StratsWrote

Summary

Will takes a moment to reflect on his relationship with Hannibal, as the early morning sunlight slips over them.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The sun is rising out the big picture window. Will rolls to face it, watching the slow travel of the light across Hannibal's sleeping features. Hannibal's been slowly trying to coax Will upstairs into the master bedroom, but on bad nights, Will still feels safest here in the living room. He likes being by the dogs, he likes being able to look out the window and see what's coming. He likes easy access to escape routes.

He has put himself into the shoes of too many killers to feel entirely safe up a flight of stairs.

Last night had been another bad night. Will had come home from teaching, looking and feeling exhausted. Some days, he could flip through the slides with a sort of detached numbness. Others, he remembered those flashes he'd felt the first time he'd seen them. He could feel the hands inside his head, molding him into something different. Something *terrible*.

But Hannibal.

Hannibal always knows who Will is. He never lets Will forget. He had greeted Will with careful hands and soft kisses against his cheek. He'd fed him dinner, curled up with Will and the dogs in front of the fireplace.

He was a beautiful distraction, the oasis in a desert. Will drank deeply, unable to take his eyes off Hannibal.

Hannibal had shortened his office hours so he could spend almost every night of the week with Will, only returning to his own home when the call of his beautiful kitchen was too much to resist. Hannibal had reordered his life to suit Will's needs.

Hannibal had proposed.

Will's ring, simple and smooth, catches the early morning light. He spares it a passing glance; he's already committed it to memory. Hannibal hums softly, one eye cracking open to peer at Will.

"You think so loudly in the mornings," he murmurs, pulling Will close with an arm around his waist.

"You should roll over," Will says. "You're missing the sunrise."

"There will be other sunrises. I am looking exactly where I want to be looking. "

Will flushes, an old shyness creeping up his spine. Hannibal nudges their noses together, slotting his lips against Will's to kiss it away.

As hard as it is, as much as Will struggles every day, Hannibal helps him through it. He gives Will someone to come home to. For once in his life, Will can finally say he's getting better.

The next day, Jack Crawford walks into Will's classroom to talk about the Minnesota Shrike.

End Notes

(I'm hoping it's clear enough in the text, but this is a 'they were together before episode one' ficlet.)

(Also no, Will does not know Hannibal is the Chesapeake Ripper)

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